

Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 3.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1835.

NUMBER 13

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
GEORGE W. MILLER.
TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.
—One dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of six months.
—Two dollars at the end of the year.
No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the
option of the Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms;
the proprietor not being accountable for any error in
any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.
Communications, and letters on business must be
addressed to the publisher, Post-paid.

From the Passion Flower.

THE NAVAL SPECTRE.

"I wish this novel was burnt," said a young
midshipman; "for here I am obliged to go on
watch, in this dark night, with my head full of
phantoms. What a simper, to have sit so
long over a book like this!"

"I hope you don't believe in such nonsense,"
said his companion, Charles.

"Not exactly with my mind, but in my nerves,
after some strange fashion. I would not fear
any thing by day; but in the dark, the loss of
sight, of the power of measuring objects and dis-
tinguishing their color and distance, unnerves
me."

"I am really sorry for you, especially as you
are so new in the service; but I don't believe
you'll find many visions in the navy-yard. I
have walked there many a night."

Edward put on his overcoat, and commen-
ced the monotonous promenade of the night-
watch with a very great unwillingness; both
from the terrors in his mind, and the storm-like
wind that was blowing.

He had not walked far on the solid path-way,
before he distinctly heard foot-steps keeping a
mischievous exactness with his own. His heart
beat quickly, but he thought it might be only
Charles practising on his fears. He ventured
to look slowly around; the sounds ceased in-
stantly, and there was not a being in sight. He
went on a little faster, and he heard the foot-
steps coming quickly after him; he commenced
a very warlike race—the steps followed as
quickly as he. He was, at length, determined
to face the pursuer. He turned suddenly and
a mournful groan came with a sepulchral note
on his ear. He shivered. But he must be
pardoned for that, it was a very chilly night in
November. He walked on rapidly and by
hazy-covered moon-beam, he saw before him a
tall black form, with a bare white skull. Some-
people affect not to believe in those solemn be-
ings, the spectres; but if they had now been
in the presence of this one, they would without
any hesitation, although, perhaps, with a little
trembling, have confessed the truth of their
existence thenceforward for life. His hollow
eyes looked from the bleached head, seeming
only as vacant circles, of dull black, without
pupils. Edward immediately recollected that
his grandfather had been a physician in the revo-
lution, and that he had been shot somewhere
near this place. He stood perfectly still; not
that the hair was rising on his head like a band
of Highlanders from the heather, nor that his
teeth chattered as though they were hung on
vires, nor that his blood ceased running liquid
in his veins, and began to creep along sluggishly
in its channels; he was only listening, respect-
fully, to hear such message as the spirit might
have brought to him; which, of course, any
young gentleman trained to honor age, would
have done to the shade of his grandfather. He
 essayed to speak; he was not frightened, but
the intense cold had frozen his tongue, and no
words came. The defenceless, and the se-
verity of the atmosphere combining, made him
as a statue. A rush of wind came from the
sea; the moon was entirely covered; and at
the instant, three distinct means arose from
different quarters behind him. He would have
looked around again; but it would not have
been polite, till he had received the commu-
nication of his ancestor. The shade, however,
remained silent.

The weather probably moderated suddenly,
for as Edward began to grow a little impatient,
he found that he could move his limbs. His
tongue, too, was released from its icy thralldom,
and he muttered, "If my grandfather won't
speak nor make a sign, I'll go up to him at all
adventures, and see how an apparition feels." He
advanced timidly—I meant to say, in a
slow, reverent manner. He put out his hand,
and a death-like chill struck to his heart. Al-
though I have shown that his courage had still
been undaunted, yet I am forced to confess
that now he closed his eyes, and for a moment
started back. It was so much like the frozen
pirate in the tale he had just left. As soon as
he recovered from the shock, he determined to
pursue his inquiry into the material conforma-
tion of his new acquaintance. He boldly placed
his hand on the frightful skull; a convulsion
of laughter seized him. It was no other than
one of the large guns perpendicularly fixed
in the ground, with a bomb-shell painted white on
the top. It had been turned round, and the
two holes made to receive the balls, with the
moon-beams shining on the white ball, had given
the dark eye. There was one at each cor-
ner of the yard; and the gale passing over the
large embouchures made to receive the charge,
had caused the mournful sounds. Another
blast came while he was enjoying in anticipa-
tion the marvelous tale he had in store, and as

it struck the shells, the dismal groans came a-
gain from their hollow forms.

"This is a true supernatural incident," said
Edward to himself; "I shall have the honor of
saying that I spoke to, a ghost, when Charles
asked me if I saw any."

In a few days after, Edward discovered that
the long shed-house, used to shelter various ar-
ticles belonging to the navy, had caused the
echo to his steps.

"I must say, however," said he, when he had
once been relating the story, "that I was glad
to be relieved that night; and I took care not
to read a goblin-book when I had to keep
watch, although I don't believe in spirits."

A. J. R.

KOSCIUSZKO.

The following (says the Mercantile Journal)
is an interesting extract from Falkenstein's Bio-
graphy of this exalted Patriot.

"Upon his return from Poland, Kosciuszko
entered the army, and, as a proof of the king's
approbation, of his abilities and application, al-
most immediately obtained a company. But
this, the natural career of a poor nobleman pos-
sessing military talents, was speedily interrup-
ted, at least in his native land, by the influence
of that most universal of passions, against the
arbitrary power of which not even the wisest
can shield themselves. Kosciuszko fell in love
with a maiden, raised by birth and fortune, far
above his pretensions, inasmuch as she was the
daughter of one of the grand dignitaries of the
kingdom, Joseph Sosnowski, marshal of Lithu-
ania and vice-general of the crown. Towards
the end of the year 1777, circumstances, which
he then esteemed most fortunate, quartered
Kosciuszko's regiment in Lithuania, and the en-
amored officer himself in the marshal's castle.
He made good use of the opportunities thus af-
forded him to gain the affections of the Lady
Louisa Sosnowski. But, once secure of her
heart, Kosciuszko adopted a frank and honorable
course.

"The young lady first confided her attach-
ment to her mother; and then Kosciuszko, with
tears, and kneeling at the father's feet, confessed
his pure but unconquerable passion. The
parents, blinded by hereditary pride of ances-
try, and exasperated at the idea that the splen-
dor of their ancient house should be dimmed by
their daughter's marriage with an officer of rank
so inferior, prohibited all intercourse between
the impassioned lovers, and to insure the ob-
servance of their prohibition, placed spies upon
all their steps. But love found means to de-
ceive the argus eyes placed over them, and
knit two young hearts closer and closer to each
other.

"Kosciuszko now driven to despair, proposes
an elopement. The lady agrees; all is ar-
ranged, and the happiest result promises to
crown their hopes. Under the shade of a dark
night, they effect their escape from the castle,
attain, seemingly unpursued, to some distance,
and a warm embrace speaks their mutual con-
gratulations, and the bright hopes of union that
are drawing upon their hearts. But a sudden
noise startles the lovers from their dream of bliss;
the marshal's people surround and attempt to
seize them. Kosciuszko draws his sword and
desperately strives to defend his beloved. A
sanguinary conflict ensues, but the issue could
not be doubtful. Kosciuszko, wounded, ex-
hausted, senseless, sank to the ground, and the
lady Louisa was dragged back to her paternal
home.

"When, after a three hours swoon, Kosciuszko
regained his consciousness, he crawled,
feebly and despairingly, to the nearest village,
where one of his friends was quartered, carry-
ing with him no relic of his vision of happiness;
but his recollection and a white handkerchief,
which his idol has dropped in her agony. This
treasure never afterwards quitted his bosom,
not even in the hottest battle, and death
only could part him from it. * * * * *

"Kosciuszko formed no second attachment,
and although in after years, several advantage-
ous matches were proposed to him, both in Po-
land and in France, he never could be prevail-
ed upon to marry. Even to an advanced age
he remained faithful to the love of his youth,
and spoke of the object of his only passion with
all the fire of early life."

But the object of his devoted attachment did
not remain unmarried. She wedded Prince
Lubomirski—and the last year of his existence
was cheered by the sight of the being whom he
had loved through life. The Princess, while
travelling through Switzerland, stopped at So-
lothurm, & passed some weeks with Kosciuszko.
And when she at length bade him farewell, and
promised to see him again the following spring,
he had a presentiment that they would never
meet again—tears swelled his eyes, and he ask-
ed her for a token of remembrance. The Prin-
cess accordingly sent him from Lausanne a ring,
with the motto, "Friendship to virtue." But
when the ring reached Solothurn, Kosciuszko
was no more!

Handsome Reward. The officers of three of
the Banks at New Orleans have united in offer-
ing a reward of \$2,000 for the apprehension of
James M. Crosby, late dealer in china and glass
ware in that city, who has absconded after com-
mitting extensive forgeries.

A Pedlar Taken In.

We have heard the story of a Yankee pedlar,
which we believe has never been in print. In
these days of speculation in timberland, where
unfortunately in some cases trees have not yet
begun to grow, if some of such holders do not
eventually have to surrender their bonds with
about the same profit as resulted from the ped-
lar's speculation, then our subtraction table
needs revising.

After the close of the American Revolution,
a tin pedlar with his general assortment of nick-
nacks, arrived in a village in the district of Maine,
and called at the houses to dispose of his wares.
After selling a few small articles to the lady of
a house, who seemed to live in the midst of a
blessing of children better covered with dirt
than clothing, she declared her inability to pur-
chase more for want of money.

But, marm, hav'n't you any rags?
None to sell sir.

Well, marm, said he, about returning to his
cart, you seem to have plenty of little ones
around you, won't you sell me one for the
ware?

What will you give, sir.
"Why," I'd give you ten dollars for one of
them.

In good tin ware?
O yes marm, the best.
Well, sir, it is a bargain.

She then handed one of the bareheaded ur-
chins to the pedlar, who, rather surprised that
the offer was readily accepted, yet feeling con-
vinced that the mother would not part with the
boy, placed him upon the seat of his cart and
supplied the woman's demand for tin-pans, dip-
pers, coffee pots, &c. until the sum of ten dol-
lars was made up.

The pedlar yet feeling certain that the wo-
man would rather make an effort to raise the
sum than part with her boy—a sort of ware by
the way in which he had no particular desire to
deal) mounted his cart and seated himself by
the side of the urchin who seemed much tick-
led at the idea of taking a ride.

The reins were gathered up, and with an eye
cast back at the house in the expectation of
seeing the relenting mother coming forth to re-
deem her boy, his horse was started off at a
slow pace. After proceeding a quarter of a
mile, and casting many a wondering look be-
hind—the pedlar began to repent of his bargain
—and turned his horse.

The lady had just finished ornamenting her
dresser with the brilliant bargain she had made,
when a rap at the door turned her attention.

Good woman, I think your boy is not quite
large enough, I guess you had better take him
again and let me have the ware.

No, no sir, you have got him and you shall
keep him. The bargain was a fair one, and
you may be off with Dick as soon as you
please.

Surprised at the woman's indifference about
her boy—why marm, how can you think of
parting with so young a child to an utter stran-
ger who you do not know?

Oh, sir, we should like to sell of all our town
papers for ten dollars a head!

Dick was dropped at the door; the whip
cracked, the wheels and wares rattled, and the
pedlar measured the ground at a much quicker
pace than before—never after forgetting his
pauper speculation.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

From the Maine Farmer.

Evening Contemplations.

Let us for a moment leave the fireside cir-
cle and the gay delights of social society, to en-
joy and contemplate the beauties and perfection
displayed in the nocturnal heavens. The sun
has now finished his daily course, and has re-
tired in glorious magnificence behind the west-
ern horizon. The beasts and birds have left
the busy scene of action, and universal silence
and repose seem pressing to invite us to calm
and serious contemplation.

In yonder East is seen the silver Queen of
night, rising in full orb glory, and shedding
abroad her beams of transcendent beauty over
the dark and dreary expanse. See the clouds
flee at her approach and give place to her sil-
very beams. How beautiful and refreshing is
the season. How calm and tranquil she travels
up the heavenly road with unparalleled beauty
and splendor and the most profound and un-
broken silence. She seems to ride in peerless
majesty and reign queen among the innumera-
ble host of bodies that deck the star spangled
vault of heaven. The wide spread heavens
seem to be her mantle, and every star a spot of
beaming gold or jewels to decorate her royal
robe.—But are they so much inferior to her?

Do they stand in the relation of subjects—dim
speakers, scarcely visible in the great map of
the Universe? When we take the mighty Uni-
verse for our standard, they are indeed nothing
but almost unperceptible spots to an eye that
with one glance can take in the whole compass
of created things. But when we take this earth
or yon moon for our standard, they lose their
diminutive appearance and swell at once into
pompous worlds. Their vast unknown and in-
conceivable distance is the cause of the decep-
tion; vast, unknown, inconceivable indeed it is,
for were we to take the wings of the morning
light and travel with this unabated speed, it
would require ages to complete the journey to

the nearest of these twinkling worlds. Hence
it becomes not only highly probable, but abso-
lutely certain, that they are many thousand
times larger than our earth to be seen at such
an immense distance. Could we be elevated
to those sublime abodes, and be seated on the
stars and suns, with their attending spheres,
rising to our view, and in short, all that we now
behold may be situated within the very suburbs
of the great empire of the Universe. If we
again wing our imaginations to those exalted a-
bodes, and there behold them teeming with life,
covered with verdure, and in every instance
displaying the wisdom, skill and adaptation
which is manifested in those things with which
we are acquainted, what heart is there so cold
as not to be filled with kindlings of emotion and
feelings of gratitude. As we gaze upon this
innumerable host of brilliant worlds, placed at
such a prodigious distance from each other, the
mind will be filled with astonishment when we
reflect upon the infinite extent of the Creator's
power, who has under his constant superinten-
dence this mighty host of rolling worlds.

Are we not constrained when taking a view
of this sublime and interesting subject to cry
with one formerly, "what is man that thou art
mindful of him, or the son of man that thou re-
gardest him." Before such an exalted view of
his greatness, scepticism must vanish and unbe-
lief seek a hiding place.

Winthrop, 1835.

SINGULAR RACES OF MEN.

In Thomas Hope's powerful work, entitled
"Essay on Man," he gives the following curious
account of races of savages inhabiting portions
of the islands in the East.

Varieties of Human Races.—In the inland
fastnesses of Borneo and Sumatra, and over the
islands of the Polynesia, still rove, perhaps soon
entirely to disappear from the globe, tribes of
which the resemblance to the baboon is most
striking, the superiority over the brute, in mind
and body least perceptible. In them, of all hu-
man beings, the organs of vitality most early and
fundamental—those named abdominal—still
present the greatest expansion; those of reac-
tion and movement, superstructed on the first,
still display the least possible development and
finish. The external seats of those lower sen-
sues which still remain most directly connected
with the wants of the stomach—the tongue the
jaws, the lips, and the nostrils—still preserve the
most disgusting amplitude, openness, and spread
—the organs of the higher senses, still often ex-
hibit an equally disagreeable and repulsive ob-
liquity and want of room. The face, from a
preposterous width above, terminates abruptly
underneath in a sharp cheekless, chinless, point.
The organs of intellect still appear in their nar-
row cramped receptacle wholly undeveloped.—
Of the rule ill formed skull the anterior part—
that which, in proportion as it is better arched,
gives earnest of organs of thought more ex-
panded—is still so low, so narrow, so depressed,
that it can hardly be said to form a distinct fore-
head. The small deep sunk eyes, like those of
the baboon, still keep constantly vibrating in
their narrow sockets. The flat, wide nostrils,
are scarce by any thing but their yawning or-
fices distinguishable from the pouches more
prominent than the nose, over which they are
spread. The skinny chasm of the enormous
lipless mouth is armed with teeth, long, project-
ing, and wide apart, like the teeth of a saw.—
Of chin there is no sign. The face, hideous
when viewed in front, is not less frightful when
seen in profile; its greatest prominence is in the
region of the mouth. The head, sunk between
the raised shoulders, has not room over these to
turn sideways. A trunk of enormous bulk sup-
ports arms meagre and deformed of a finny
shortness or uncouth elongation. That trunk
moves on thighs and legs short, bowed, crooked,
and callous. These supports in their turn, are
ill at rest on feet flat and square, deprived of
instep and of heel, and more calculated, by their
want of well formed sole, to entwine themselves
round branches than to walk on level ground.
The utmost height the misshapen mortals in gen-
eral scarce reached four feet nine. Their ill-
marked muscles are hardly discernible atwart
their coarse dusky hide, as distant in its hue
from a fine glossy black as it is from a clear
transparent whiteness.

The skin is frequently covered with irregular
patches of wiry hair or bristles. Their limbs
seem unlinked, their movements performed by
abrupt jerks. They crouch rather than they
sit; they climb not better than they walk. Their
features have not yet a finish sufficient to mark
the distinction between youth and age. In
childhood they already look decrepit. Nor do
their countenances yet possess sufficient flexi-
bility to mark the transition from calmness to
irritation. Little sensible to emotions even of
physic I pleasure, they are less alive still to
feelings of bodily pain. They undergo the
greatest hardships without being by their suffer-
ings stimulated to mend their lot; they feed
without repugnance on the coarsest garbage;
encounter without nausea the most disgusting
smells; are inaccessible to any pleasure of the
ear or eye; have little memory, and less imagi-
nation. They seem incapable of reflection on
the past or of foresight into the future. Unmov-
ed by any prospect of distant benefit, undeterred

by any threat of remote injury, they are never
seen to express joy, or to denote grief—to laugh
or cry. Only accessible to hunger, while that
feeling pinches not their vitals past endurance,
nothing ruffles their apathy. Like the brute,
they are, while in a state of repletion, wholly
incapable of providing for the hour of want.—
Unfeeling for themselves, they cannot be ex-
pected to sympathize with the feelings of others.—
None yet has a wife or a child that he calls his
own.

The female, woeed with a club when from a
means of pleasure she becomes an encumbrance,
is by that club dispatched. The offspring is left
to shift for itself. Cruel cowardly and credu-
lous, they are void of curiosity, and inaccessible
to wonder. Nothing occupies their thoughts
sufficiently to become familiar to them, nothing
can seem strange. They show no mental fac-
ulty beyond that low cunning already by man
attributed to monkeys. When inveigled in the
trammels of civilization they only labor to effect
their escape. Incapable of inventions of art
with which to supply the deficiencies of nature,
they possess neither utensils nor arms. Inland
they feed on the grub that crawls forth from the
earth: near the sea-side on the oyster left ex-
posed by the surf. They go completely naked:
they have no permanent abode. In the day
time they prowl about in perfect solitude, at
night they creep under the sand. Their speech
consists in a few hoarse noises; but by men
who have no ideas, no feeling to communicate to
each other, even these are seldom uttered. If
clothed by force, they tear off their apparel.—
If caught they try to get loose. The best treat-
ment cannot tame them. When detained, they
soon, without apparent grief or pain, pine away
and die.

Of the New Zealander, the skull presents a
texture so coarse, a form so contracted, so sim-
ilar to that of the orang-ourang, that anatomists
have considered him as the connecting link be-
tween the monkey and man.

From the Andaman Islands, in the Indiana
Archipelago, were once brought away in an In-
dian junk, two middle-aged savages of a pecu-
liar tribe, black, and woolly-haired, the tallest of
which scarcely reached four feet seven, and on-
ly weighed 76 pounds. Protuberant in the
paunch, stunted in the extremities, of voracious
appetite and cannibal propensities, climbing on
trees as nimbly as quadrupeds, diving under
water as readily as ducks, heavy and dull in in-
tellect, and, when by themselves, seating up
a cackling like turkeys, they only appeared sel-
dom even in their guttural hiss to converse with
each other.

In the interior of Luconia, and throughout
the Indian Archipelago, there are vestiges of a
black woolly-haired race of pigmies, incapable
of the least approach to civilization, unposses-
sed of any permanent abode, and when caught,
however well used, either soon effecting their
escape, or pining to death. Of these the major
part have, by a different race of a brown hue,
with long lank hair, and endowed with superior
mental capacities, found in the same regions,
been hunted down, or forced to fly to inacces-
sible fastnesses, where gradually the race melts
away.

In New Holland and in N. South Wales al-
most every tribe of natives, however small, has
an idiom of its own, different from that of the
neighboring tribe, and only consisting of a few
sibilating sounds, unintelligible out of the tribe.
Of these tribes some are hideously ugly.—
They have noses quite flat to their face like
those of brutes or only noseless nostrils very
wide, which entirely want all distinct projection.
Their eyes, very close to each other, and deep
sunk in the head, constantly vibrate like those
of the monkey. Their mouth is extravagantly
wide and prominent, their body clumsy and ill-
formed; their arms, almost fleshless, are of en-
ormous length; their legs equally ungainly;
and a rough wrinkled black skin seems ill to fit
the ill-limbed body. They live upon ants' nests,
wild honey, roots and berries; at night they
creep into some hollow tree. The males de-
stroy the females, and the females their offspring
when tired of the encumbrance.

Once from the interior of Africa was brought
to the West Indies a whole cargo of captured
negroes, so inferior in organization to the gen-
eral average of the blacks, so hideous in face, so
misshapen in figure, so short, so deficient in
whatever distinguishes human beings from
brutes, that they could not find any purchaser.
They resemble the natives of Old Calabar, res-
iding not far from the coast of Guinea, who have
foreheads and chins almost obliterated; cheeks,
or rather pouches, projecting beyond the nose;
wide, prominent lipless mouths, armed with
long sharp tusks or teeth standing out; eyes
almost in contact with each other; bellies that
hang down over their thighs; a chest very nar-
row, arms of prodigious length, thighs extreme-
ly short, spider legs void of calves, and splay
feet as ill fitted to stand firm on even ground as
those of the neighboring monkeys.

New Invention.—A French gentleman of
considerable eminence as a mechanician, whose
name is Billoir, has just invented a powerful
machine, which is capable of discharging two
thousand balls, each weighing half a pound, in
the space of one minute! or about thirty-four
per second!

Highly Important from Texas.
War in Texas—Gen. Cos landed near the mouth of the Brazos with 400 men!

Isaac Parker has just arrived from Texas bringing the intelligence that General Cos has landed near the mouth of the Brazos with 400 men, with the intention of joining the 700 Federal troops stationed at San Antonio, De Bexar, and marching upon the people of Texas. He has issued his proclamation "declaring that he will collect the revenue, disarm the citizens, establish a military Government, and confiscate the property of the rebellious." Messrs. Johnson and Baker bore the express from San Felipe to Nacogdoches, that a resort to arms is inevitable.

They have hoisted a flag with "The Constitution of 1824," inscribed on it, and Two Hundred Freemen gathered around it, determined to stand or fall with it.

We submit the following letter from General Houston to the gentlemen who brought the intelligence.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS,
October 5th, 1835.

Dear Sir—At your request I hand you a memorandum, that you may be informed of our situation. War in defence of our rights, our oaths, and our institutions is inevitable in Texas!!

If Volunteers from the United States will join their brethren in this section, they will receive liberal bounties of land. We have millions of acres of our best lands unchosen and unappropriated.

Let each man come with a good rifle and one hundred pounds of ammunition—and come soon.

Our war cry is "Liberty or death." Our principles are to support the Constitution, and down with the Usurper!!!

Your friend,

SAMUEL HOUSTON.

To Isaac Parker, Esq. President.

We have no time to make any comments. The people of the United States will respond to the call of their brethren in Texas!—Red River Herald, Extra.

Those gentlemen friendly to the rights of free and republican governments, are requested to meet at Red River Extra change, on this evening, at half past seven o'clock, to take into consideration the situation of their fellow countrymen in Texas.

Natchitoches, October 7th, 1835.

New Orleans, Oct. 12.

Mexico and Texas.—Since receiving on Saturday the documents elsewhere published concerning the contemplated movements in Texas, on the part of the American population there resident, we were favored with private information direct and later from Matamoros.

This confirms the intelligence conveyed by the documents from Columbia; and adds that though General Cos had boasted of having about 2000 men under his command, he had scarcely 400: for those who had been imported previously into Texas, had been disarmed at San Antonio, or had deserted afterwards. Cos had received orders from Santa Anna to fix his headquarters at San Antonio, and there rally his troops for the invasion of Texas. Our correspondent states that Santa Anna had written a letter to Matamoros, boasting that in less than two months he would overrun and conquer the whole of Texas; but shrewdly adds,—"although we consider this a mere gasconade, yet we wish he should have the temerity to pay the Texans a visit; and we should soon rid the republic of this would be Napoleon."

The Texans are not idle in their preparations to give a warm welcome to their invaders. On the 23 ult. 700 of them had left Brazoria for San Antonio, with a firm determination to capture it, and to place the present vicerey Don Remon Masquia, at the head of the government of the provinces. The next arrival from Texas may therefore bring us tidings of war; and the glorious news of a victory obtained by the American Texans over their oppressors: so that the general consultation may have to digest a plan of a constitutional government for Texas as a free, sovereign and independent state.

We have also learned by the arrival yesterday of the Manuela, in 7 days from Galveston, that the inhabitants of that place had also armed themselves to aid the citizens of Brazoria, against whom General Cos had marched from San Antonio.

CIRCULAR.

From the Committee of Safety of the jurisdiction of Austin.

Information of the most important and decisive character has just been received from Bexar, from unquestionable authority, which in the opinion of this committee, calls for the prompt attention of the people. The substance of this information is that Gen. Cos was expected at Bexar, on the 16th of this month with more troops, that he intended to make immediate attack on the colonies; that there was a plan to try and foment division and discord among the people, so as to use one part against the other, and prevent preparation, and that the real object is to destroy and break up the foreign settlement in Texas. This committee have no doubt of the correctness of this information, and therefore recommend—

That the people should maintain the position taken by them at their primary meetings, to insist on her rights under the federal constitution of 1824, and of the law of the 7th of May of that year, and union with the Mexican confederation.

That every district should send members to the general consultation, with full powers to do whatever may be necessary for the good of the country.

That every district ought to organize its militia, where it is not already done, and have fre-

quent musters; and that the captains of companies make a return without delay to the chief of his department, of the force of his company, the arms and ammunition in order, that he may lay the same before the general consultation of Texas. Volunteer companies are also recommended.

This committee deems it to be their duty to say, that in its opinion, all kinds of conciliatory measures with General Cos and the Military of Bexar, are hopeless, and nothing but the ruin of Texas can be expected from any such measure. They have already, and very properly been resorted to without effect.

War is our only resource. There is no other remedy but to defend our rights, ourselves and our country, but by force of arms. To do this we must unite—and in order to unite, the delegates of the people must meet in general consultation and organize a system of defence, and give organization to the country, so as to produce concert. Until some competent authority is established to direct, all that can be done is to recommend this subject to the people; and advise every man in Texas to prepare for WAR, and lay aside all hope of conciliation.

S. F. AUSTIN.

San-Felipe, Sept. 18, 1835.

San-Felipe, Sept. 29, 1835.

Dear Sir:—

War is upon us—there is now no remedy, the answer of Cos is positive that the individuals who have been demanded must be given up, and that the people must unconditionally submit to whatever the government chooses to do for them—he lays down the principle that the general government have the right to force us to submit to any reform or amendments, or alterations that congress may make in the constitution, &c.—This is impossible—we had better leave the country at once, for we shall be under the Cos' doctrine, without any rights or guarantees of any kind. I therefore think that war is inevitable; we must prepare. What do you think of raising a volunteer corps to protect the consultation; and have it ready without delay? I think it probable that Cos will attack the people of Guadalupe in a short time; they expect aid and ought to have it. I shall send to Nacogdoches immediately.

Yours,

S. F. AUSTIN.

W. D. C. Hall, Esq.

To the people of the Jurisdiction of Colombia.

"War is our only resource, WAR is upon us," so says the committee of Austin, and the fact is established beyond a doubt. Heretofore a difference of opinion has unfortunately existed among us; now the evidence is so clear, so convincing that an honest difference of opinion can no longer exist. Your committee therefore have no hesitancy in declaring that he who says that there is no just cause to apprehend danger, and recommend a supine course, is a TRAITOR, and as such should be punished. Fellow citizens, let not a former difference cause or continue an estrangement. We have a common cause, a common interest, and a common foe and we should be united. Gen. Cos has just landed at Copene, with 400 soldiers and munitions of war. His object is to unite with the forces at San Antonio, and our policy is to intercept him before the union takes place: by so doing we will fall upon the enemy divided, and if we capture the forces of Cos we will gain arms and munitions of war; and the news of Cos's defeat will be the signal for the surrender of San Antonio into our hands; in addition to this it is better that we should carry the war into the enemy's country, for then we shall be enabled to gather the present crop.

Again, the military, the tools of the despot have lately made a treaty with the Comanches, and other tribes of savages, and have engaged them to fight against us, and should we defeat Cos before they take the field, they will most assuredly desert their fallen allies. All these reasons calling upon us so loudly, urging us so strongly; let us take the field. We call upon you in the name of your country, in the name of your wives and children, in the name of every thing that is dear to you, in the name of LIBERTY itself for an immediate, a general turn out.

While Cos is disembarking his troops, whilst he is sending for teams to transport his munitions of war, we will have time to take our station on the road between him and San Antonio in which event victory will be certain. All Texas has been informed of the plan of war, and many of her citizens are marching to the principle place of rendezvous (James Kerrs on the Labacco).—A large company have engaged to leave Brazoria, on the 29th inst. and which time and place every patriot should present himself ready for action.

Fellow citizens, we have now an opportunity of opening the war with a glorious triumph, a triumph which in its ultimate consequences will prove the salvation of Texas.

By defeating Cos, San Antonio will fall as a matter of course, and then there will not be a formidable division of the despot's troops in a thousand miles of Texas, months will roll round ere they can get here, before which period you will be armed, prepared and disciplined for war; and in a situation to defy any force which the despot can send against you.

Fellow citizens, be not mistaken in regard to the cause which you have espoused; or the foes to whom you are opposed. Your cause is a good one, none can be better, it is Republicanism in opposition to Despotism; in a word, it is Liberty against Slavery. You will be fighting for your wives and children, your homes and fireside, for your country—for Liberty. Look back on the hardships, fatigues, the privations, and dangers which you suffered in settling and reclaiming the wilderness of Texas; and say

whether you are willing to forego all the benefits and blessings of civilization, and again plunge into another wilderness to encounter the same difficulties; consider your present condition and the bright prospects before you, and say are you prepared to, yield all the advantages which they offer to the hireling slaves of a despot. Behold your wives and daughters, are you prepared to bid them up to the rude embraces of a brutal soldiery; if not, arise at once and crush your foes, before they concentrate and fortify within your border.

Your foes (the foes of liberty) are composed of the clergy and military; (unhallowed association!) headed by a military chieftain, a man whose character during a long and eventful career, has been marked by every act that characterizes an ambitious chief, who has elevated himself, would destroy the liberties of his country. Such are our foes, and such their leader. More than one half of Mexico is on our side, one of her most distinguished sons Zavala, sought an asylum in Texas, and will be found in the ranks with you; several others together with the vice president have been arrested on their way to Texas. The despot dare not come himself or send a large force to Texas, for fear the republicans will rise against him in the interior; thus you perceive our situation will be far from being so desperate as the disparity of our numbers would indicate.

Fellow citizens again we summons you to arms. Let us take the field, defeat Cos take San Antonio, drive every soldier from our limits, and thereby place Texas in a situation to become ere long what she is destined to be, a land of agriculture and commerce, of laws and liberty, the pride and boast of our lives, and a legacy of pride unspeakable to posterity.

B. T. ARCHER, Chairman.

Wm. T. Austin, Sec'y.

WAR.

Information was received last night by express that General Cos landed at Copene, with 400 men, arms and ammunition.

An expedition is now raising in the lower country to take the field at once. They are now called upon to rendezvous at Leagues old place on the Colorado on the 28th of this month.

Every man in Texas is called upon to take up arms in defence of his country and his rights. Those who can join the expedition on the 28th are requested to do so; or they can join it at James Kerrs on the La Vaca, which will be the principal rendezvous.

A corps of reserve will be formed to march for and sustain the advance. Those who cannot join the advance are requested to unite with reserve and report themselves to the committee to safety in this place.

It is expected that each man will supply himself with provision and ammunition to march with.

Arrangements will be made for permanent supplies, as soon as possible.

Sept. 22, 1835. S. F. Austin Chairman of Com.

From the Massachusetts Adm. ss.

True Character of Whiggism.

he charge of raising the poor against the rich, implies, that the party of our opponents is the party of WEALTH. We see with regret the masses of wealth in the community, separating themselves from the people, and organizing themselves into a political party, on the principles of Whiggism.

The vital doctrine of Democracy is, the right of the people to the sovereignty; the vital doctrine of Whiggism is, the right of resisting the sovereignty for reasons, which to the party resisting seems sufficient.

The opening of modern history presents to us a world enslaved. The history of the progress of humanity is the history of gradual franchise; and the Whig party, in its happiest state, was the party of privilege, protecting the acquisitions, which it had extorted from hereditary despots. The principle was tolerable, only in the degree in which enfranchisements were steadily extended; it became an enemy to human happiness, when it arrayed itself as a defence of privilege against the common rights of the mass. "We will obey you," said the nobles of Castile to their monarch, "if you respect our privileges." The nobles of Germany, on the election of their emperors, used to bind him by a compact, to a respect for their power as inferior feudal sovereigns. This becomes the spirit of the class, struggling for privilege, in every nation of the world. It places itself above the mass of the people on the one hand, and against the sovereign on the other. This is the spirit of the English Whig aristocracy of 1688. This is the spirit of the Whig aristocracy of the United States.

The benevolence of a kind Providence has permitted us in America to obtain universal enfranchisement. The wall of partition between the classes of society has been thrown down; the veil that separated the inner and outer court, has been rent asunder. The revival of the Whig party in the United States, at a time when it is yielding even in England to the vigorous energies of Democratic reform, is therefore a retrograde movement, made from jealous distrust of the people and a defiance of the spirit of our institutions.

Here the people is the sovereign. To claim the right of resisting the sovereign is to claim the right of subverting will of the many, and of substituting a few. The will of the few, as wealth constitutes with us the only possible basis of an aristocracy, opposed to the people, to a set the Whig doctrine is to attempt to wrest actual power from the hands of persons, and to transfer it to property.

The Whig, living under the most free government on earth, is haunted by a dread of des-

potism. He distrusts the people. He rightly fears, that the intelligence of the masses will not favor the purposes of his individual selfishness; and his self-love identifies the gratification of his pride, which is thwarted, with the security of his rights which are held inviolate. He is perpetually seeking an avenue for escaping from the necessity of obedience to the sovereignty of the people; and therefore the Whigs of the South assert the contingent right of nullifying the laws; and the Whigs of the North, even while they profess horror for the comparatively moderate claims of South Carolina, deny the right of instruction and assert the right of Revolution.

Democracy is opposed to both these parties. As the antagonist principle to nullification, it regards the rights of liberty as inalienable and original; not held by a compact, but existing before the constitution, existing always, existing even if the constitution should perish. The constitution, whether a compact of the people or of the States, establishes a government; it does not designate the form under which the natural rights and sovereignty of the people are to be exercised and maintained, and which the people would tranquilly alter and amend, if it failed to answer its purpose. "Our constitution does not contain the absurdity of giving a power to make laws, and another to resist them."

As the antagonist principle to Whiggism in the North, Democracy totally rejects, repudiates and denies the "right of Revolution." The people are here the sovereign. Are they displeased with their public servants? The ballot-box is the avenue to a remedy. Do they dislike the laws? Their representatives obey instructions and repeal the offensive statutes. Do they object to inequalities in the constitution? They enter on the peaceful process of amelioration. But they tolerate no revolution. The people, the popular party, the Democracy, by the instant self preservation, oppose all revolution. To assert the "right of Revolution" is either to use words without reason, or to assert for the wealthy minority, a right to overthrow our Democratic institutions from their foundation.

To assert that the government of the United States, which is Democratic, and is the exercise of the sovereignty of the people, may produce such intolerable oppression as to justify a demand a revolution, is to deny to the people the capacity of self-government on principles of justice, and to assert the contingent necessity of substituting some other sovereignty for that of the people. Whatever other party may claim for itself to be the revolutionary party, the people, the popular party, the Democracy, is necessarily by the instant self preservation, the constitutional party; it sets a perpetual limit to "revolutionary times;" it exhibits itself in the tranquil aspects of composure and permanent beauty;—and seals up forever the bloody fountains of civil war. It checks the first step towards a revolution; it frowns at even the suggestion of a Northern confederacy, and it has always repudiated every scheme of geographical convention.

"The exercise of the 'Right of Revolution' is reserved by the Whigs for an extremity; yet their daily measures and arguments partake of the same character of resistance to the sovereign, in other words of resistance to the people. They delight to multiply corporations, with exclusive privileges or enormous powers, that these may become so many entrenchments and strong holds for their party against the masses; and being interpreted as contracts, may impose restraints on future legislation. Thus, the struggle in the case of Charles River Bridge, is a struggle for a genuine baronial privilege; and the contest for the United States Bank was a true Whig contest, not for equal rights, but for privilege. By denying the right of instruction, the Whigs claim the right to substitute the private will for the public will; to transform the agent into the master; to make the representative independent of his constituents, and thus to invalidate and resist the actual sovereignty of the people. The same character is stamped on the attempts of the Whig party to diminish the patronage and power of the executive. A feeble executive has ever, as a Venetian, been the delight of an aristocracy; and the Whigs are consistent with their principles, when they endeavor to take from the executive a part of the power with which it clothed, and transfer it to a body, over which the people have a less direct control. And again, in the present contest for the election of President, the Whig party, with equal consistency, places the whole scanty sum of its hopes of ultimate success on its ability to resist the people in their effort to make an election for themselves.

Thus it is evident, that the party of wealth, in all the forms under which it asserts the right of resistance, involves itself in contradiction with the spirit of our institutions. The inquiry remains whether it is well for the country that the spirit of our institutions should be preserved?—Our institutions found government on the masses of persons; there exists among us nothing to resist this organization, except the masses of property. It is more fit than the masses of property should form the basis of political power?

Our old friend, Solomon Broadbrim, gets a sly blow occasionally from his neighbor of the Worcester Palladium; for instance:—"The editor of the spy attempts a little facetiousness at our expense. He thinks that one of the Committees at the late Cattle Show, would have awarded us a premium, had they not been precluded by the fact, that we were 'not raised in the County.' A more fatal objection applies to his case. The Society has never thought it worth while to encourage the raising of Jack Asses."

From the Republican (Belfast) Journal.

Dreadful Occurrence.

Yesterday morning between twelve and one o'clock the dwelling house of Mr. Joseph Ellis of Brooks, in this county was consumed, and five of his sons and one hired man perished in the flames! Six persons who but a few hours before had retired in health and peace to their beds of repose were all burnt to cinders in this terrible conflagration. I have just returned from the interment of their remains and will state the facts in the case, as I received them there from good authority.

Mr. Ellis formerly resided in Prospect, and had removed to Brooks to prosecute the lumbering business. He had on Tuesday last, the day before the conflagration, a family consisting of his wife, three daughters and seven sons; besides his hired people. The youngest child was but two days old, and the mother of course confined to her bed. On Thursday evening Mr. Ellis directed one of the young men to put a log in the kitchen fire place, and so prepare the fire that it might be comfortable for the nurse in case she should have occasion to rise. The one which he put on was rather large; and being hollow, probably burned more rapidly than had been anticipated. The family all retired to rest as usual. The mother with her infant and nurse occupied the bed room near the kitchen; and all the rest of the family the chambers of the house. The eldest son and daughter were from home on a visit, and another daughter, a little girl was that night at the house of a neighbor. About midnight Mrs. Ellis was alarmed by an unusual light shining into her room, and spoke to the nurse to arise and see what was the cause. She opened the door, but was met with such a rush of dense smoke and heat that she screamed, and shut it instantly. She tore out the window of her room and sprung out herself to alarm the family and call for help. Mr. Ellis having heard her first cry had run down stairs, rushed through the burning room and opened the outside door. He could not return. His first object was to save his wife; for he knew that in regard to her there would not be a moment to lose. He ran round to her window, tore away the high headboard which stood next to it, and took his wife and infant out—also the upper bed on which he placed them on the ground. The next object was to save the children. One of the hired men had sprung from his bed at the first call and attempted to follow Mr. Ellis down, but the smoke and heat which rushed up the stairs when the lower door was opened were insufferable; and the man turned round and leaped from the chamber window. The daughter, a young lady of about sixteen years, followed him. The doors and windows being thus opened gave free circulation to the air, and the house being unplastered, and extremely dry, the flames spread with astonishing rapidity and were almost instantaneously rolling through the whole upper part of it, and bursting out at the roof. By this time some of the neighbors had arrived, and a man ascended to a chamber window, but could not enter. He called, but nothing could be heard but the roaring of the flames. The young man from whose side the other had escaped, and the five little boys were all suffocated, and silent in death; were all consuming in the fire which enveloped their beds. I asked the daughter whether she heard any cry from the others as she was fleeing from the chamber? She replied with unutterable emotion, "I did hear my youngest brot cry Pa! Pa!—but I could not help him." This was the youngest excepting the infant, and had been sleeping in the same bed with his father. Those who were saved escaped as they sprang from their beds, saving nothing from the flames. Nothing worthy to be mentioned.

The name of the hired man who perished was Samuel J. C. Ryan. He was 20 years old, and the hope of his aged parents, who are in very humble circumstances. The son of Mr. Ellis who shared the same fate were from about two years of age up to thirteen; and their names, beginning with the youngest, were these Hyram, John G., Nahum, Alfred and Joseph Jr.; five active boys, but two days ago the delight of their parents' eyes, and the joy of their hearts. To day the remains of the boys, consisting of a few cinders, were gathered into one coffin, and those of the young man into another. The two mourning families assembled at the house of a neighbor. A great concourse of people came together to witness the awful spectacle, and to share in their grief. Several ministers of the gospel were present, who spoke appropriately and feelingly to the people, and led them to the throne of divine justice and mercy in solemn prayer. Then the remains of the dead were borne away to the grave; to rest until the voice of Him who is the resurrection and the life shall reorganize and reanimate them, to live forever. Then will this deep mystery be revealed; and we shall see, according to the ministers text at the funeral, that while "Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the support of his throne."

The Point of Honor.

A duel was fought last week, near Providence, R. I. between two Officers of the U. S. Navy—one a Lieutenant and the other a Sailing Master. They came from New York for the purpose of fighting, and went back satisfied, each having a wound. It is stated in a Providence paper, that one of the duellists was wounded severely in the groin, & that the other had a bullet lodged in the thigh. "Never pistol a gentleman about the legs—it's unmanly," said Captain Flash. If we do not have a war with France presently, our young naval heroes, like the Kilkenny cats, will use themselves up.—Vade Mecum.

will soon be time to do it. In the Spring

ing, re- be began to into able make the

100

